Work, Love & Power

ANY one taking a trip up the Rhine cannot but be seriously impressed with the fact that the chief business of man, until yesterday, was war

At every bend of the storied river is a castle. Each point of vantage is crowned with a redoubt, or the ruins of one, where men, armed with every known weapon of their time, once bade defiance to other men, and challenged their brothers. No man could travel without an armed guard—every man went laden with the instruments of death.

The history of the race is a history of war and blood. The men who could kill most and quickest, were the men who owned the earth, and those who destroyed most were those to whom all honors were paid. Very gradually things have changed, until

over the fairest portion of the earth, life and property are now secure. Men who mind their own business have nothing to fear, and those are safest who carry no weapons. The honors are going to men who build up; who can create. Within proper limits we may express ourselves upon any subject of vital interest—we give men the right to their own opinions, and everywhere it is understood that a man has a perfect right to be wrong in his conclusions as well as right. ¶ No more striking proof of change is found than in the fact that recently we have found public opinion forcing arbitration upon men who "had nothing to arbitrate." The men who owned those rock-ribbed fortresses and castles on the Rhine once had nothing to arbitrate. They took their position and held it—but not forever.

It is the people who rule, for strong men are only strong as they are backed up by the people. When the people feel deeply and think sanely, and vibrate together, "the rulers" quickly fall into line. ¶ And now it

has come to pass that people object to being used as stones and sticks to fight the battle of the seeming strong ❧ Their quibbles, quarrels, feuds and selfish struggles for power are none of ours. Helen and Paris may elope for all of us—that is their affair—and all of Priam's loud calls of "To arms" fall upon the ears of men who have work to do at home.

And here is a prophecy: In America conscription will never again be attempted. It has gone and gone forever. Arbitrate your differences—you both are right, and both are wrong. Fighting may test which side is the strongest, but not which side is nearest right ❧ ❧

Calm deliberation will bring us near to truth, but heat, anger, strife and war only drive her far afield.

That the world is fast getting rid of the thought of physical strife is very sure, but let us not plume ourselves too much about it—we have a long way to travel yet. The idea of danger is strong upon us; we have

not gotten rid of the thought of struggle and strife.

"Society is in league against all of its members," wrote Emerson. And as once every clan was at enmity with every other clan, and every nation at war with every other nation, so yet does man in his heart distrust every other man. Suspicion, hate, jealousy, apprehension—all forms of fear—fill the hearts of men. The newspapers that have the largest circulation are those whose columns bulge with tales of disgrace, defeat and death. If joy comes to you the news will go unheralded, but should great grief, woe, disgrace and hopes dashed upon the rocks be your portion, the wires will flash the news from continent to continent, and flaring headlines will tell the tale to people who never before heard of you.

And all this goes to prove that it is a satisfaction to a vast number of people to hear of the downfall of others—it is a gratification to them to know that disaster has caught some one in the toils. The newspapers print

what the people want, and thus does the savage still swing his club and flourish his spear ❧ ❧

Ride in any American city, on the morning cars, or upon any suburban train, and note the greedy grab for the daily papers, and observe how the savory morsels of scandal are rolled beneath the tongue. So long as men glory in the defeat of other men, it is a perversion of words to call this a Christian land ❧ ❧

But as clan once united with clan, and nation with nation for a mutual protection, so do a goodly number of people now recognize that men should unite with men—not only in deeds, but in thought—for a mutual benefit.

To hold a thought of fear is to pollute the mind—prejudice poisons, jealousy is a thing to zealously avoid, and hate hurts worst the one who hates.

And the argument is this: So long as the thought of rivalry is rife, and jealousy, fear, unrest and hate are in our minds, we are

still in the savage state. ¶ War robs men of their divine birthright, and turns the tide of being back to chaos. You have so much life—what will you do with it? If you use it in pulling down other lives, you shall soon forfeit your own. And even though you do not do an overt destructive act, the thought of hate and fear reacts to your disadvantage, honeycombs the will and tends to destroy the tissues of your body.

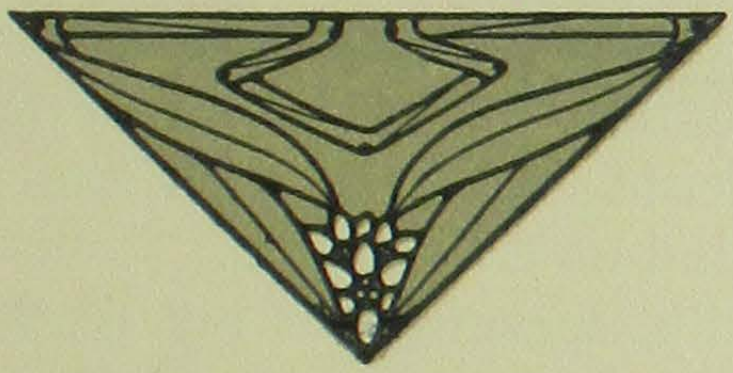
Every school, factory, store and institution is to a degree a hotbed of strife, jealousy and heart-burning ❧ Plot and counterplot fill the air. There is disappointment, discontent and apprehension everywhere. The employes or helpers unite in friendships, and all exclusive friendships breed factions, feuds and tend in the end to separate men. Beware of chums—they only pool their weaknesses ❧ He is strongest who stands alone. Be a friend to all—stand by all—speak well of all. If you lend a willing ear to any man's troubles, you make them your own, and you do not lessen his.

By listening to tales of trouble you absorb trouble—that is to say, you take discord into your being. And the more discord you have in your cosmos the weaker are you—you are that much nearer death and dissolution. The more harmony you possess the stronger you are. The institution that succeeds in a masterly way is the one that has at its head a man of strong, stern and inflexible purpose ❧ The more this man keeps his eye on the central idea—the more he focuses on his work—and keeps fear and hesitation and distrust at bay, the more sure he is to win.

The soil is bounteous, the mountains full of precious gifts, the opportunity to work is everywhere. Society needs men who can serve it—humanity wants help, the help of the strong, sensible, unselfish man. The age is crying for men—civilization wants men who can save it from dissolution; and those who can benefit it most are those who are freest from prejudice, hate, revenge, whim and fear.

Two thousand years ago lived One who saw the absurdity of a man loving only His friends—He saw that this meant faction; lines of social cleavage, with ultimate discord and so He painted the truth large, and declared we should love our enemies and do good to those who might despitefully use us. He was one with the erring, the weak, the insane, the poor, and so free was He from prejudice and fear that we have confounded Him with Deity, and confused Him with the maker of the worlds. He was one set apart, because He had no competition in matter of love. It is not necessary for us to leave our tasks and pattern our lives after His, but if we can imitate His divine patience and keep thoughts of discord out of our lives, we, too, can work such wonders that men will indeed truthfully say that we are the Sons of God.

There isn't much rivalry here—be patient, generous, kind, even to foolish folk and absurd people. Do not extricate yourself—be one with all—be universal. So little com-

petition is there in this line that any man in any walk of life, who puts jealousy, hate and fear behind him can make himself distinguished. And all good things shall be his —they will flow to him. Power gravitates to the man who can use it—and love is the highest form of power that exists. If ever a man shall live who has infinite power, he will be found to be one who has infinite love. And the way to be patient, and generous—to free yourself from discord—is not to take a grip on yourself and strive to be kind—not that. Just don't think much about it, but lose yourself in your work. ¶ Do not go out of your way to do good, but do good whenever it comes your way. Men who make a business of doing good to others are apt to hate others in the same occupation ❧ Simply be filled with the thought of good and it will radiate—you do not have to bother about it any more than you need trouble about your digestion. Do not be disturbed about saving your soul—it will be saved if you make it worth saving.

Do your work. Think the good. And evil, which is a negative condition, shall be swallowed up by good. Think no evil; and if you think only good, you will think no evil. Life is a search for power. To have power you must have life, and life in abundance. And life in abundance comes only through great love.